

Town Pants

"New South Wales"

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Here we are in New South Wales
Shearing sheep as big as whales
With leather necks and jaggy tails
And hides as tough as rusty nails

When shearing comes lay down your guns
Step to the board you brand new chums
With a ratum ratum rub a dub dub
We'll send you back on the lime juice tub

These brand new chums and chappie sons
Fancy their the greatest guns
Fancy they can shear the wool
The beggars can only tear and pull

Though we live beyond our means
Our daughters wear no crinolines
Nor are they bothered by boots or shoes
But live wild in the woods with the kangaroos

Home its home I'd like to be
Far from the woods and the back country
Sixteen thousand miles I've come
To spend my life as a shearing bum

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